OUR YOUNG FOLKS PAGE

When and Where Did the Umbrella Originate?

LITTLE ones, when you go forth on a rainy day, comfortably protected by your umbrellas, does the question ever occur to you "Who invented the umbrella?"

Now, the fact is the inventor of the umbrella or sunshade is not known, for such things as sunshades were used in China long before the Christian era and may have had their origin in the pagodas of that country, for in the Celestial Empire the umbrella or sunshade is a formidable three or four story affair not unlike the pagoda.

It is possible that in the beginning the idea of an umbrella was suggested to the mind of man by the presence of a toad under a mushroom, where he might have been seen sitting well protected from a shower or the hot rays of a midsummer sun. Man, ever busy planning for his bodily comforts, would not be slow to use the pattern offered by the toadstool, for, being a creature susceptible to heat and moisture, he would naturally adopt any plan by which he might be protected from such discomforts as rain and heat.

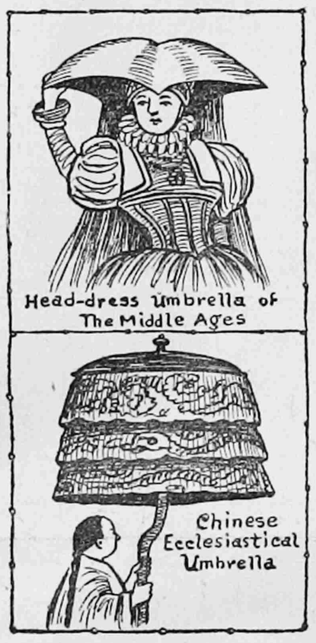
In Burmah the umbrella is a badge of superiority, the Burmese princes always being attended by umbrella-bearers, officials high in the royal retinue. The Burmese umbrella of huge estate is of white silk, having a golden handle ornamented with precious stones.

In former times the umbrella in India was a symbol of royalty and, as in China, marked the rank of its owner in the number of its tiers and flounces it possessed. The imperial umbrella of China is of a brilliant canary yellow and is called the Yellow Dragon. It has three tiers or stories, pagodalike in its construction.

On most of the ancient sculpture of Persia, Egypt and Assyria the umbrella is often seen, and it is pictured as a prominent accessory to the chariots of the Ethiopian princesses.

In the palmy days of the Roman Empire the umbrella was used only by great men—nobles and dignitaries—and ladies of rank.

The first mention of the umbrella in English literature appears in Florio's "Worlde's Wonders," and is thus described: "A kind of round fan or shadowing that they use in summer in Italy—a little shade."



Picnic Lemonade—How to Make It.

NO other drink is so cooling and refreshing on a hot day as lemonade. No picnic party would think of going to the woods for the day without a bag of lemons, another of sugar and, possibly, a big piece of ice. But everyone who has participated in the making of the picnic lemonade knows that it is a bothersome task, to say the least. Often the only knife for cutting the lemons that is to be found in the picnic basket is dull. There is the discomfort of either using a lemon squeezer or of squeezing the juice out with one's hands. To say the least, the usual way of making picnic lemonade is a bother—a task each girl tries to get out of doing. But if the following plan is adopted the picnic drink, so much relished, will not be found hard to prepare. On the evening previous to the picnic take the quantity of sugar intended to be used in making the lemonade and put it into a stewpan. Cover it well with water and boil just long enough to get a smooth syrup, taking care to skim away the refuse at the top of the boiling syrup. When cooled pour into a big-necked bottle and cork or seal tightly. Take your lemons and squeeze them dry of juice, putting the juice—from which all seeds have been picked—into another bottle. With the juice and syrup ready, all that remains to be done at the picnic grounds is to get good, pure, cold water and pour into it your lemon juice and sugar syrup. There is no trouble attached to making this sort of picnic lemonade. If a mixed lemonade is desired, have some strawberry or blackberry juice to add to it. This fruit juice may be made the day before the picnic also and bottled in the same way as you bottle the lemon juice and sugar syrup. It is best to boil the fresh fruit in a stewpan for several minutes, then strain through a piece of cheesecloth. The blackberry juice added to plain lemonade makes one of the most delightful as well as wholesome drinks one could wish for, and nothing could be nicer for a picnic drink.

The big trees of California are the oldest living things in the world. Estimates made from cross sections of some of those which have fallen show that the mature trees are more than 4,000 years old.

PEARL'S REWARD.

BY ANNIE JAMES.

"DAUGHTER, now that your school has closed for the long summer vacation, you will have much time to practice your music. During the last few weeks of school you were so busy with exams that your music had to be neglected." So spoke Mrs. Pratt to her 14-year-old daughter, Pearl.

Pearl was standing by the open window, looking across the stretch of green lawn, asking herself whether she should take a book and pass the morning under the trees, or go to call on some friends who lived in the same pretty "summer town," a suburb of the city where the Pratt family passed the school year. But at her mother's words a look of disappointment passed over her face. "Oh, Mamma, I had hoped to be spared practicing during this lovely weather. I do so long to be out of doors every minute that I can. And I have such a lot of reading, and so many calls to make. I simply hate the piano, in summer time," Pearl spoke with some impatience.

"Now, Pearl," said Mrs. Pratt, coming to her daughter's side, "you really don't mean what you say about hating music. You know how you regretted last fall to be obliged to take only one lesson a week during the school year, and said that you loved your music more than your books. And when Professor Mailly gave his recital last winter you really wept of disappointment to think that you were not in trim to play, and declared that at his next recital your name must be on the program. Now, the professor intends giving a recital this summer so as to give an opportunity to those younger pupils of his who are too much occupied with school during the fall to take part on the program. He spoke to me the other day about your playing for the recital, and said he would arrange to give you three lessons a week during the vacation. That will put you in practice once more, and you'll play in a manner to make us all proud of you, I am sure."

"But, Mamma," protested Pearl, "a girl who has been in school for nine solid months wants recreation from study during the summer. And if I take three lessons a week'—Oh!—" And Pearl made an awful face at the terrible idea of studying during the summer.

"Well, dear child, you know that I want you to have rest, recreation, pleasure and all that," explained Mrs. Pratt. "But three lessons a week and an hour's practice each morning will leave you plenty of time for those other occupations you want and deserve. Now, we might arrange it this way; lessons on Monday, Wednesday, Saturday. Each lesson lasts but three-quarters of an hour. That would give you practically all the day, for your lessons might be taken early in the morning, say at 8 o'clock. Then, an hour in practice each day—say in the early morning, before breakfast. Don't you see how much you might accomplish, and still have almost the entire time to yourself?"

Pearl rose amidst a burst of wild applause.

Pearl sighed, but said: "Well, mamma, I'll do as you say, but I shall be making a sacrifice. I can assure you of that. I'll begin my lessons tomorrow. My practice shall begin today."

"And I'll call you when your hour is up," promised Mrs. Pratt.

And so the first week of Pearl's vacation work began and passed, and at the beginning of the second week she did not have to be called to take her lesson or to put in the hour's practice. She became so deeply engrossed in her music that she would often insist on practicing half an hour longer than was her custom, but to this her mother would not agree. "No," Mrs. Pratt would say, "you must not occupy too much of your vacation time in study. One hour each day is quite sufficient." And she would force Pearl away from the piano and send her out on the lawn with a book or to a friend's house to pay a little social call.

Thus the month of July and three weeks of August passed away, Pearl making the most pronounced progress in her music.

"See, my dear young lady, I have put you on the program to play two solos at my recital which is to be given the last of August." So said Professor Mailly to Pearl one morning after her piano lesson was over. "And I wish to tell you something—a secret known only to my pupils and myself—that our old patron of the fine arts, Dr. Joseph Blair, is offering a prize to the pupil of mine under 15 who acquits herself or himself most creditably at the recital next week. Now, as I have just learned this bit of good news, I make haste to acquaint my pupils of it, and allow them all the chance to try for the prize. You are a fine little pianist, for one under 15, and I shall expect great things of you."

"Oh thank you, Professor," said Pearl, her face pink from the splendid compliment paid her by her teacher. "I shall do my best—for your sake and for mamma's, more than for my own. If—if—" But Pearl said no more, thinking how utterly impossible it would be for her to carry off the prize over so many others, for the professor had arranged a long program, and several who were to participate might almost be called "professionals," even though they were of the junior class.

Pearl's mind for the following week was entirely on her music. The professor had encouraged her to play two quite difficult compositions, and she worked like a trojan, as her mother declared. And Mrs. Pratt was obliged to consent to Pearl's practicing two hours a day, then three hours a day during the last "three days of grace" before the evening of the recital.

On the day of the great event, as all those taking part in the recital called it, Pearl was quietly nervous. "I feel capable of playing better than I had hoped to do," she confessed to her mother, as she was dressing for the evening. "I am nervous—slightly—but not in my fingers. They feel so strong, and I am sure of them."

Mrs. Pratt kissed her daughter, stood her off to look at her and pronounced her "beautiful." Mr. Pratt, proud of his talented little girl, had given her a lovely new white French embroidered lawn frock for the occasion, and a garniture of soft white blossoms about her dainty shoulders, and a cluster of the same in her brown hair, gave just the artistic and simple finish to the toilet needed. "Mother is proud of her Pearl," Mrs. Pratt whispered, tears of affection and pride in her eyes.

When the Pratt family entered the recital hall they found the crowd assembled and the professor frisking about excitedly. Pearl went at once into the dressing-room, and greeted the others of the "junior class" there. Her nervousness had worn off to some extent, and when she was told that she was to be announced for the next number on the program she got her roll of music and went bravely out to the stage. While the attendant placed her music on the piano rack Pearl bowed low in response to the applause from the audience. In glancing over the faces before her she beheld her parents' countenances, smilingly hopeful, but a bit anxious. "I must, I must for their dear sakes," Pearl whispered to herself as she took her seat at the piano. At first her fingers glided gently over the keys, then of a sudden a strange power seemed to possess her, and her fingers became strong, powerful, following the notes like lightning, executing perfectly, splendidly. Pearl forgot the people listening to her—forgot the place, the occasion. Only the piano before her, the music her eyes read no faster than her hands executed, did she have in mind. And then came the grand finale. Then, trembling from head to foot, Pearl rose amidst a burst of wild applause. The room swam before her, but she retained presence of mind enough to bow and find her way off the stage, back to the dressing-room. There congratulations were poured upon her. "You did splendidly—grandly!" whispered the old professor, running into the dressing-room for just a moment.

Then the last number on the program was rendered, and the "judges" chosen by Dr. Joseph Blair retired to an anteroom to arrive at their "decision." And when, a few moments later, these same "judges" stepped upon the stage, where in the meantime the "junior class" had been marshalled into place, and the spokesman stepped forward, bowing to Pearl, her confusion became great. First she blushed rosy red, then turned lily pale. The spokesman of the jury of judges made a little speech to her, saying something about Dr. Blair's prize being awarded to her for her most finished rendition of such and such music, but exactly what was said at that supreme moment Pearl never could remember. But she took the little box handed to her, a small silver affair, and opened it slowly. Her fellow classmates gathered around, anxious to see what the generous Dr. Blair had given as the prize, the prize each had done his or her best to win, but which all heartily agreed was rightly awarded to their dear friend and comrade, Pearl.

Slowly Pearl opened the box, glanced inside it, and then turned gleaming eyes on the good old doctor, who had just stepped upon the stage in response to the call for him. There in the silver box was a lovely gold bejeweled medal with a place for Pearl's name to be engraved. Half an hour later Pearl, with her ears ringing with the words of congratulations and praise, walked homeward with her proud parents.

"I owe it all to you, mamma," she said tenderly. "Hadn't you urged me to take up my music in earnest during the vacation, I would not have touched the piano. I owe this night of glory to you, dear. And I am fully repaid for my part of the work. I hope you are repaid for yours, mamma."

"A thousandfold, dearie," said the mother, putting her arm around her Pearl, who had that night carried off the honors of the "junior class" in Professor Mailly's School of Music.

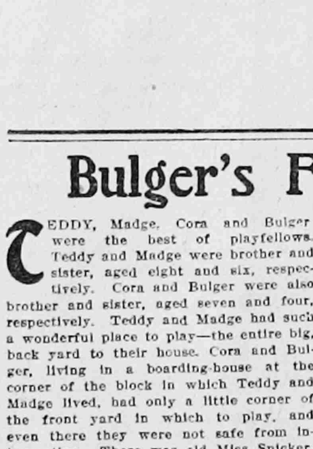
A Midsummer Afternoon.

SNUG in the cool barnyard corner
Lie the young pigs fast asleep;
In the shade of a tree in the pasture
Nod the lambs, with their mamma sheep.

In the shade of the hedge the chickens
Hunt a place that is nice and cool;
And the ducks and their little ducklings
Love to nap on the deep, blue pool.

And the Girl and the Boy grown drowsy,
Have left off their usual play,
And are taking a nap in the hammock,
On the bright, warm midsummer day.

If She Were a Fairy.



I'D love to be a fairy,"
Said little Stella May;
"I'd make all people happy,
And happy they should stay.

"I'd drive frowns from all faces,
And bring smiles there instead;
In fact, I'd wave my little wand
O'er everybody's head,

"And ask what most was wished for;
And each wish should granted be—
Unless some evil person
Made a wicked wish, you see."

Bulger's Fall Over the "Terrible Precipice."

A Story for Wee Ones. By Helena Davis.

TEDDY, Madge, Cora and Bulger were the best of playfellows. Teddy and Madge were brother and sister, aged eight and six, respectively. Cora and Bulger were also brother and sister, aged seven and four, respectively. Teddy and Madge had such a wonderful place to play—the entire big, back yard to their house. Cora and Bulger, living in a boarding-house at the corner of the block in which Teddy and Madge lived, had only a little corner of the front yard in which to play, and even there they were not safe from interruption. There was old Miss Snicker, a very prim, silent, maiden lady, who always read or napped in the afternoon, and if Cora and Bulger happened to be playing in their corner—which was almost directly under the old lady's windows—she would put out her head and cry down to them: "Be quiet, there, you awful youngsters! Don't you know that there are other people in the world beside yourselves? If you can't be quiet in the yard go down the street where your terrible noise won't disturb the people who want to read and sleep. Gracious! what are kids fit for, anyway?" she would add, speaking to herself. "Only made to give people worry and bother. And folks that have such burdens should not board, but should get a place in the country five miles from anywhere, and there turn the youngsters loose, like so many noisy animals!"

And it was just such complaints as those of old Miss Snicker that caused Cora and Bulger to get acquainted with Teddy and Madge, for when scolded and driven from the corner in the yard the little ones would run down the street to play, and so met Teddy and Madge one day and accepted an invitation from them to "Come play with us on our mountain-top." And from that day the four little ones became the best of friends, playing in the big back yard, where no one came to drive them away. The mother of Teddy and Madge never cared how much noise her little ones made, and often came to join in some of their games. Also, the mother of Cora and Bulger came occasionally to the home of Teddy and Madge, to see that her little ones were not in the way, nor staying too long, thus "wearing out their welcome," as Cora whispered to Madge on one such occasion. But when the mother of Teddy and Madge assured the mother of Cora and Bulger that the dear little ones were never in the way, and that she was so glad to have them come to play every day with her own children, the mothers also became good friends, and many, many times arranged little picnic excursions to the park for their "birdies," as they called the four children. And the mother of Cora and Bulger explained that soon they would move from the boarding-house into their own home—which was then being built—and that then Teddy and Madge should return the many, many visits of Cora and Bulger.

But of all the places in the world that the children loved, it was their "mountain top." And this mountain top was in the rear of the big play yard, close to the horse's stable. It was a huge haystack, and it had been unloaded there by some men who were to return in a few days and store it away in the stable loft. But during its stay in the yard the four children had the greatest sport climbing over it.

"Isn't our mountain top lovely?" cried Madge to Cora, the first day of their acquaintance. "It's the Alps, Mamma says. She has told us of the Alps—mountains in-in——" But Madge couldn't remember where, so Teddy came to her assistance and supplied the name of the country. (Teddy's memory was most remarkable, and he never forgot anything told to him.) "In Switzerland," he helped out. "Yes, the Alps in Switzerland," said Madge. "You see, it isn't a sure enough mountain in Switzerland, but Mamma says we can play it is. And playing it is the Alps is just as nice as if it really were sure enough so."

"Oh, yes," declared Cora. "Oh, ess," echoed funny, fat little Bulger. Then they all decided to play at climbing the Alps, and got little sticks to use as Alpine stocks. Teddy's and Madge's mamma had explained how difficult it was to climb the ice-clad mountain, and how strong sticks called Alpine stocks were used by the climbers.

"I'll go up first," said Teddy, playing he was the leader or guide. "After I've got beyond the Great Precipice I'll help the others of you to climb to the top."

It took sometime for Teddy to reach the Great Precipice, which was the beginning of the gentle rounding slope to the top of the haystack. Up to that place the sides of the stack were pretty steep, and Teddy found his Alpine stock of no use, and was obliged to throw it away and climb by the aid of hands and feet; or fingers and toes, rather; for he had to plunge his hands into the hay and catch hold, using his feet pretty much the same way. But Teddy was a tireless mountain climber, and after much hard work and risk of falling he reached the top of the Great Precipice. "Now, ladies and gentlemen," he called down, pretending he was a long distance away, "I'll help you to climb to the top."

Cora went first, assisted by Teddy's outstretched hands from above and Madge's "boosting" from below. Soon she was at the top of the precipice. Then followed Bulger, he being too small to be left at the bottom of the mountain alone. When he was pulled and pushed into a seat almost at the top of the mountain, he was advised by his sister and the guide to sit very quiet and "not to stir, as the hay might slide down with him." So, while Madge was making the dangerous ascent the little Bulger sat very quiet, holding his breath as well as holding tightly to two handfuls of hay.

Then, pretty soon, all four children were on top the haystack, and the guide proposed that they explore the very top of the mountain, after which they would descend from the other side. All agreed that this was a good plan, and Madge and Cora managed to get to the top of the haystack—or mountain, as they played it was—with Teddy leading. All supposed that Bulger was close behind, climbing with them. But on reaching a safe place in which to sit down a bit to rest Cora, ever thoughtful of her brother, turned to look for him. "Where is Bruver?" she cried, not seeing Bulger with the group. "Oh, where is Bruver? Did he fall down the mountain?"

"Wait, I'll find him," said the guide, and Teddy crept cautiously to the side of the Great Precipice and peeped over. There, lying on his back on some loose hay, which had slipped to the ground with him, was little funny fat Bulger, smiling and happy. He was watching a great butterfly circling about, and did not seem to mind having gone to the bottom of the Alps so unceremoniously and unexpectedly.

"What did you go down for, Bulger?" asked Teddy, peeping down on him.

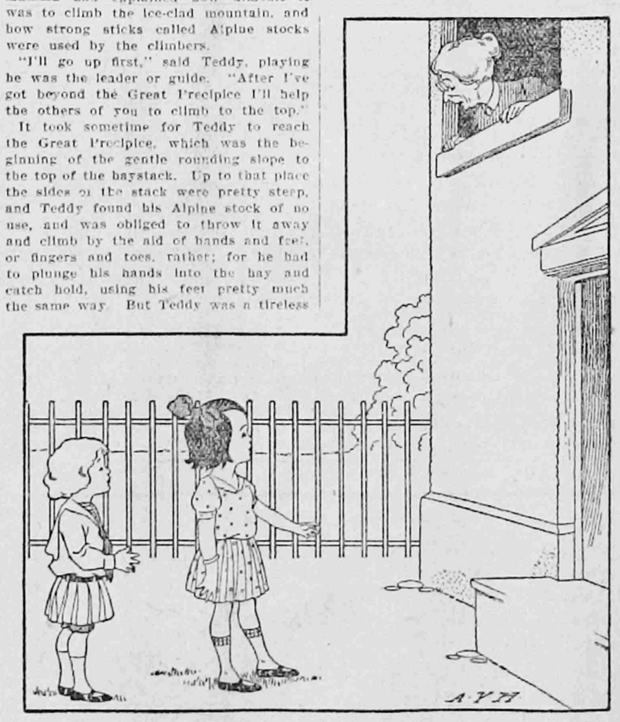
"I fell ober da mountain," explained Bulger. "But it didn't hu't me any. It was fun."

"Oh, he fell over the Great Precipice," exclaimed Teddy. "We must all go down and see if he is hurt."

"Yes, it's a long fall," said Cora. "But Bulger is so brave that he don't mind falling over precipices; he likes it, I guess."

"Anyway, it's time to have some ice-cream," said Madge. "Mamma was making some a while ago when I went to the house to get a drink. She said it would be ready in an hour. I guess it's been that long since we came out to climb the Alps. So, we'll now return to the inn and have some refreshments after our long climb."

"And after Bulger's long fall," laughed Teddy. And Bulger, getting up and shaking the hay from his face and hands, said: "Yes, I want some ice-cream. I dot awful tired falling down da mountain."



"Be quiet there, you awful youngsters."

Had an Eye for Business.

THE new undertaker, Mr. Johnson, was business from the time he got up in the morning until his snores startled the neighbors at night. The idea came to him to buy a new motor hearse. He did so, and called a friend around to his "dead parlors" to inspect the latest improvement to the business.

"That's splendid, Johnson," said the friend, "people will be just dying to take a ride in it!"

John L. Atchison, of Newberry, S. C., has on his place two extraordinary growths. One is a grapevine 14 inches in diameter and more than 100 feet long, 35 feet coiled on and near the ground and nearly 100 feet up a tree; another, a walnut tree three feet two inches in diameter, or more than six feet around, and 50 feet from the ground to the lowest limb.

Our Puzzle Corner

LETTER ENIGMA.

My first is in heat, but not in cold;
My second is in age, but not in old;
My third is in yeast, but not in bread;
My fourth is in iron, but not in lead;
My fifth is in neck, but not in tie;
My sixth is in grain, but not in rye:
My whole spells a work
That good farmers love,
And you'll know what it is
When you solve the above.

ZIGZAG PUZZLE.

All the words of this zigzag puzzle contain the same number of letters. If the words are correctly guessed, and written one below another in their proper order, their zigzag letters, beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower left-hand letter, will spell the name of a general who was famous during the Civil War. The crosswords are: 1. A month. 2. A people. 3. A part of the human body. 4. A fastening. 5. Stockings. 6. A loud noise. 7. That which we all have.

BEHEADINGS.

(1) Behead the name given to a team of horses and leave a kitchen utensil. (2) Behead a devotional ceremony and leave a shaft of sunlight. (3) Behead a quick look and leave a weapon used in war in the long ago.

CURTAILINGS.

(1) Doubly curtail the name of a parent and leave an insect that loves a bright artificial light. (2) Curtail to be cunning and leave a sea-going vessel. (3) Doubly curtail a poor log hut and leave a vehicle drawn by horses.

CONUNDRUMS.

Of what profession is a postmaster?
A man of letters.
When is a load of wood like a string?
When it is a cord.
What is the difference between a spendthrift and a feather bed?
One is hard up and the other is soft down.

PUZZLE PICTURE.

Here is a great magician. He has made his beautiful assistant disappear. Can you find her?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

Letter Enigma—Nature.

Zigzag Puzzle—Jenny Lind. Cross words—1. Jokes. 2. Learn. 3. Hands. 4. Plank. 5. Marry. 6. Small. 7. Flirt. 8. Anger. 9. Daisy.

Beheadings—1. Prose-rose. 2. Report-port. 3. Page-age.

Curtailings—1. Freeze-free. 2. Humbug-hum. 3. Piece-pie.

HELPFUL HINTS FOR OUR YOUNG ARTISTS.

LESSON NO. 50—A MEXICAN RANCHERO.